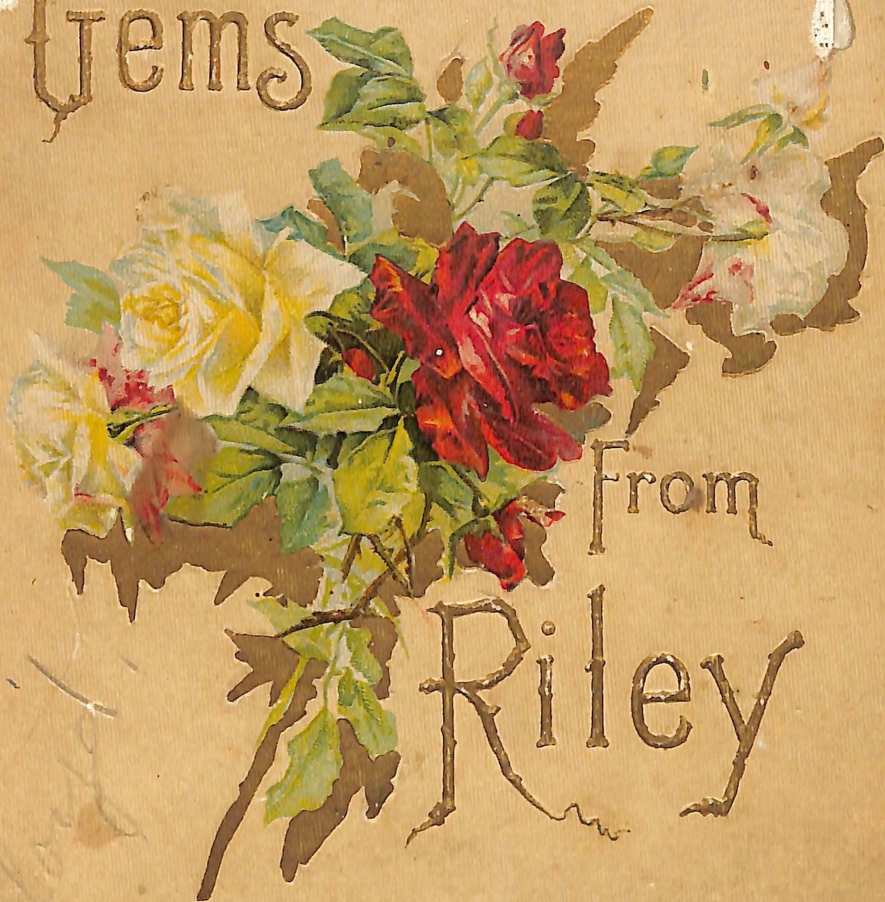
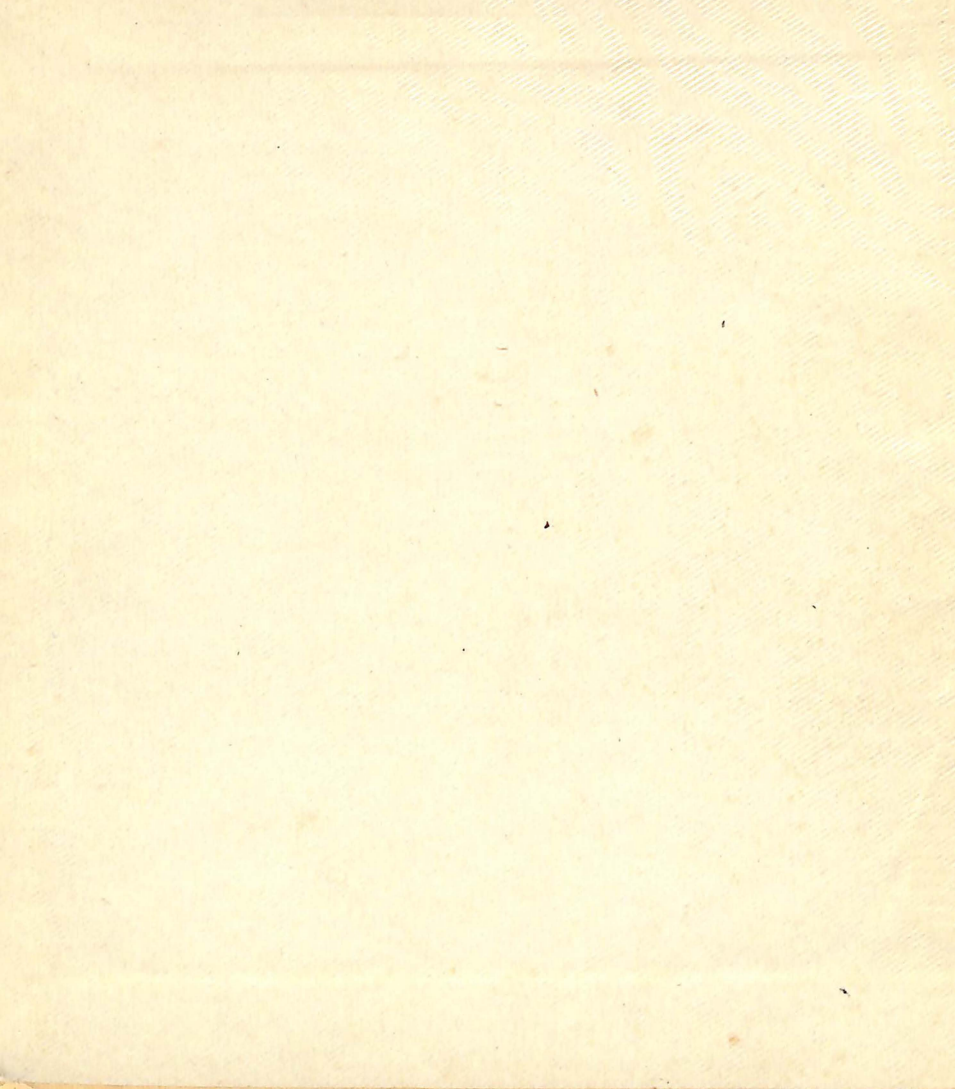


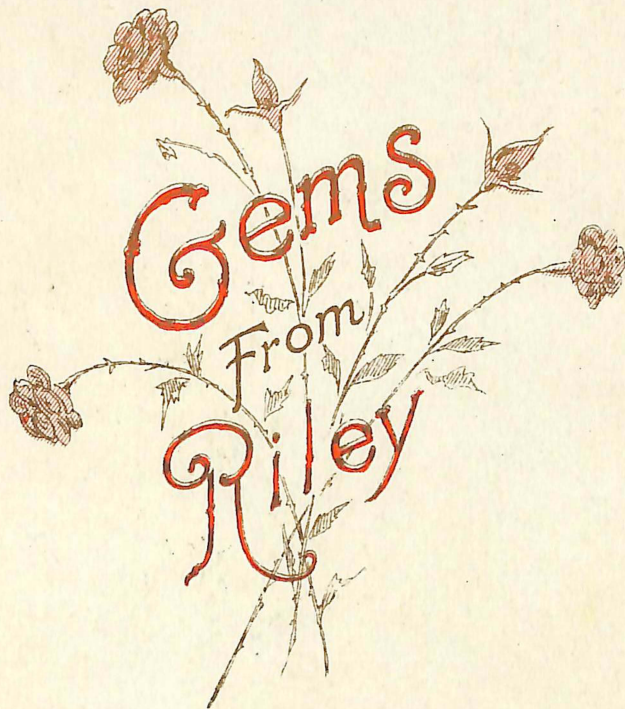
Gems



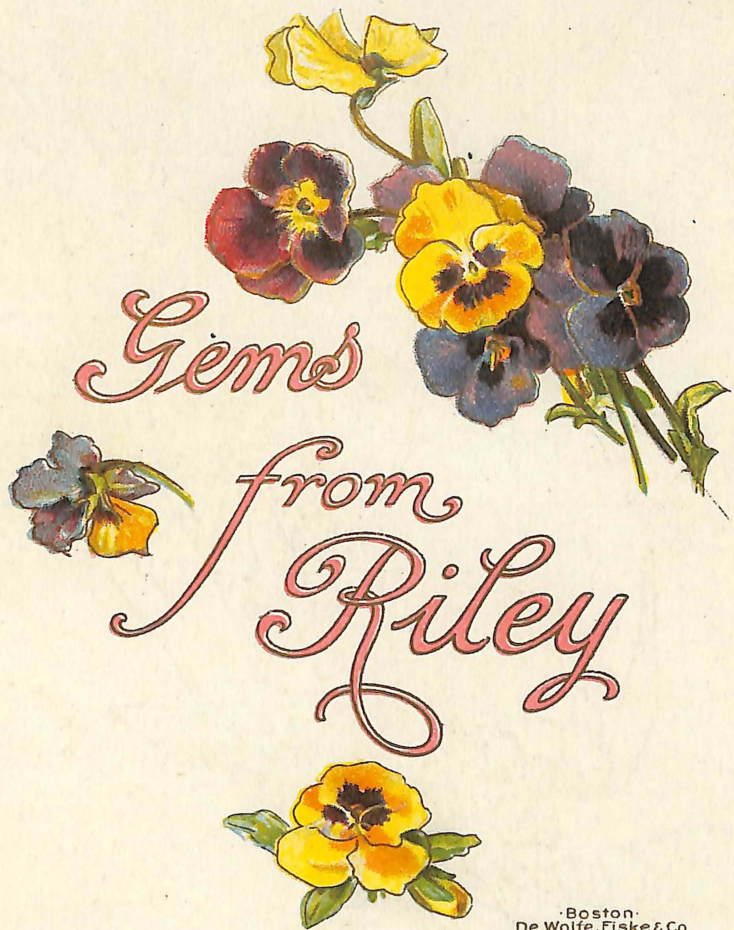
From

Riley

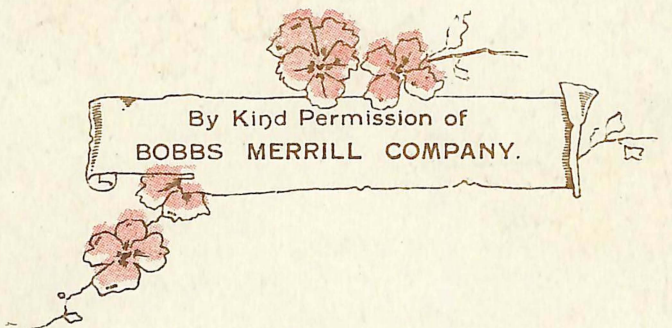








Boston
De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.



By Kind Permission of
BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY.



First Day.

Again we stretch our limbs
upon the bed
Where first our simple, childish
prayers were said,
And while, without, the gallant cricket trills
A challenge to the solemn whip-poor-wills;
And fling on the chorus with his glee,
The Katydid whets all the harmony
To feather-edge of incoherent song,
We drop asleep, and peacefully along
The current of our dreams we glide away
To the dim harbor of another day.

A Child's Home, Long Ago.

Second Day.



HIS morning I was most afeared

To wake up—

when, i jing!

I seen the sunshine out and heerd

The first bluebird of

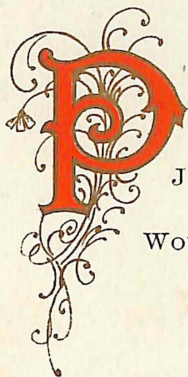
Spring!

The First Bluebird.

* * * The old man worried on till July
came at last, and with it that most
glorious day that wrapped the baby-nation in
its swaddling clothes of stripes and
stars and laid it in the lap of Liberty. *Thd.*

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all
cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the
grass is greener still;
It may rain again tomorry, but I don't think
it will. *Thoughts for the Discouraged Farmer.*

Third Day.



PANSIES! Pansies! How I love you,
pansies!

Jaunty-faced, laughing-lipped, and
dew-eyed with glee:

Would my song might blossom out in
little five-leaf stanzas

As delicate in fancies

As your beauty is to me!

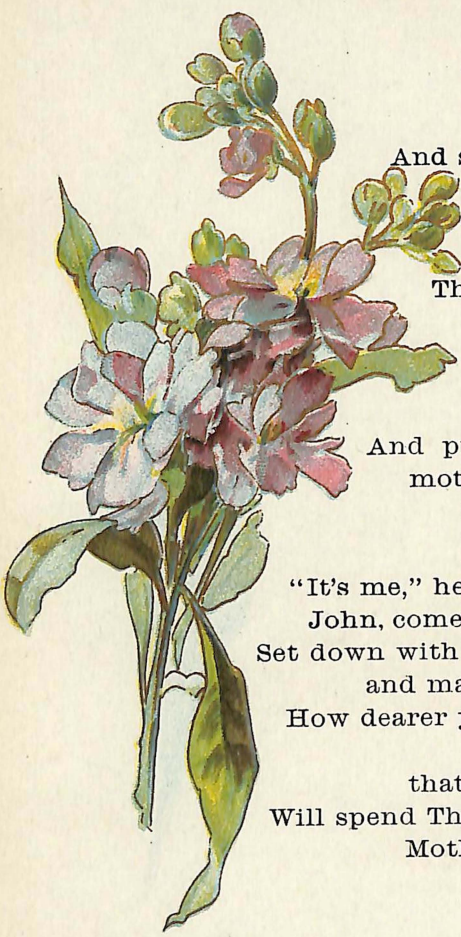
Pansies.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station,
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from
the door,

And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear
as a relation—

Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!
Griggsby's Station.

He was warned ag'inst the womern—
She was warned ag'inst the man,—
And if that wont make a weddin',
W'y, they's nothin' else that can!
On a Splendid Match.



Fourth Day.

And so the Summer faded out,
and Autumn wore away,
And a keener Winter
never fetched around
Thanksgivin' Day!

* * * *

And as I turned and
looked around, some
one riz up and leant
And put his arms round
mother's neck, and laughed
in low content.

"It's me," he says—"Your fool-boy
John, come back to shake your hand;
Set down with you, and talk with you,
and make you understand
How dearer yit than all the world is
this old home
that we
Will spend Thanksgivin' in fer life—jest
Mother, you and me.

How John Quit the Farm.

Fifth Day.



He laughed away the sorrow,
And he laughed away the gloom
We are all so prone to borrow
From the darkness of the tomb;
And he laughed across the ocean
Of a happy life, and passed,
With a laugh of glad emotion,
Into Paradise at last.

The Funny Little Fellow.

Then the face of the Mother looks back,
through the mist
Of the tears that are welling; and, lucent
with light,
I see the dear smile of the lips I have kissed,
As she knelt by my cradle at morning and night;
And my arms are outheld, with a yearning
too wild
For any but God in His love to inspire,
As she pleads at the foot of His throne
for her child,—

As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

Envoy—Rhymes of Childhood.

Sixth Day.

Let but a little hut be
mine

Where at the
hearth-
stone

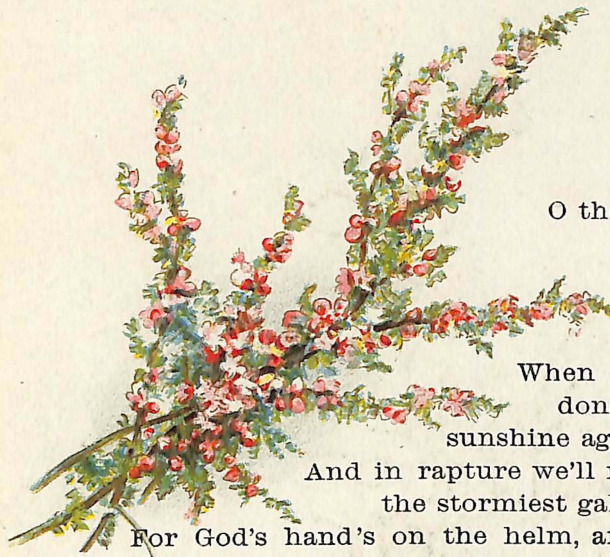
I may
hear

The cricket
sing,
And have
the
shine
Of one
glad

woman's
eyes
to make,
For
my poor sake,
Our simple
home a
place
divine.

*The
Walton's
Prayer.*





Seventh Day.

O the rain
and the
sun, and the
sun and
the rain!

When the tempest is
done, then the
sunshine again;

And in rapture we'll ride through
the stormiest gales,

For God's hand's on the helm, and His breath
in the sails.

Then murmur no more,

In lull or in roar,

But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

A Song of the Cruise.

I've allus noticed grate success

Is mixed with troubles, more or less,

And it's the man who does the best

That gits more kicks than all the rest.

My Philosophy.

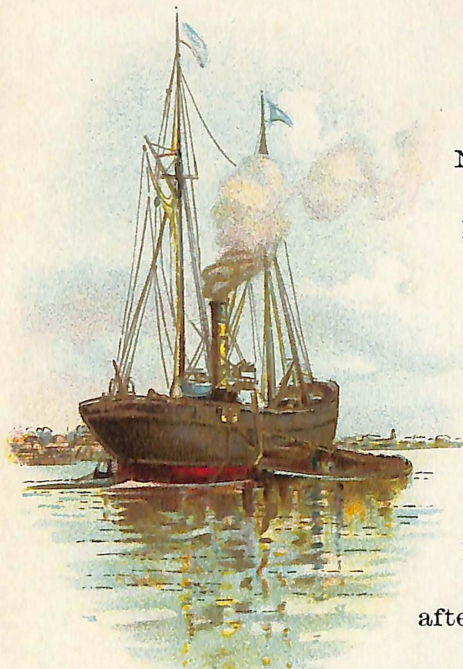
Eighth Day.



JUST as of old! The world rolls on
and on;
The day dies into night—
night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries
untold.— *Envoy.*

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little
checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she
answered the caress
With the written declaration that,
“as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump,” she loved me, that
old sweetheart of mine. *An Old Sweetheart of Mine.*

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there. *Away.*



Ninth Day.

Now what I'd like and
what you'd like is
plane enough to see:

It's jest to have old
Providence drop
round on you and
me

And ast us what our
views is first,
regardin' shine or rain,
And post us when
to shet her off, er
let her on again!

And yit I'd ruther,
after all—considern
other chores

I' got on hands, a-tendin' both to my affairs
and yours—
I'd ruther miss the blame I'd git, a-rulin'
things up there,
And spend my extry time in praise and
gratitude and prayer.

Us Farmers.

Tenth Day.



MONTH a man kin raily love—
June, you know,
I'm talkin' of!
Knee Deep in June.

It's nachural enough, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
For them-uns on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fare divide.
And I've knowed some to lay in wait,
And git up soon, and set up late,
To ketch some feller they could hate
Fer goin' at a faster gait. *My Philosophy.*

* * * My eyes fell upon a painted face of such
ineffable sweetness and beauty that I was fairly
dazed. It was not an earthly form, at least in
coloring, for the features seemed to glow with
beatific light. The eyes were large, dark and dewy,
thrown upward with a longing look, and filled
with such intensity of tenderness one could but
sigh to see them. *An Adjustable Lunatic.*

Eleventh Day.

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabeth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!

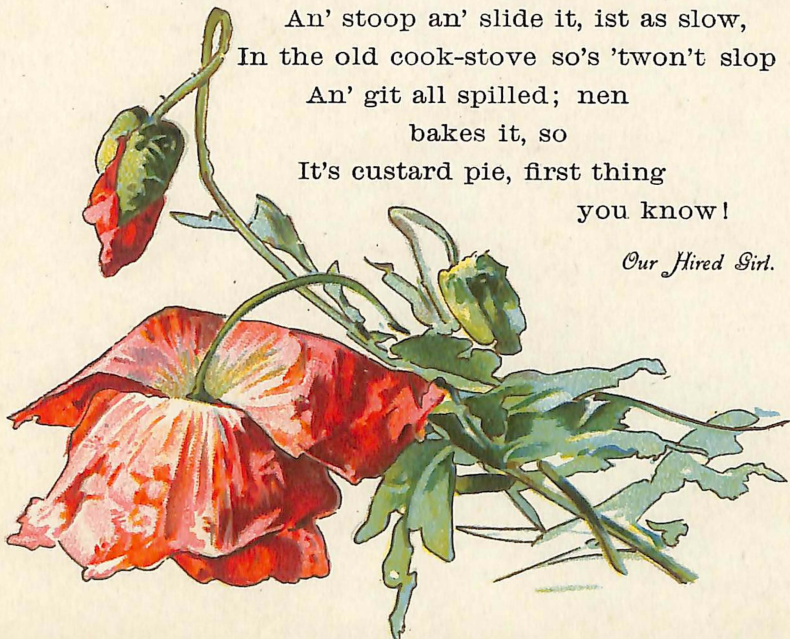
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop

An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In the old cook-stove so's 'twon't slop

An' git all spilled; nen
bakes it, so

It's custard pie, first thing
you know!

Our Hired Girl.



Twelfth Day.



S it's give' me to perceive,
I most certin'y believe
When a man's jist glad plum
through,
God's pleased with him, same as you.

Neighborly Poems.

I have jest about decided


It 'ud keep a town-boy hoppin'
Fer to work all winter, choppin'
Fer a' old fire-place, like I did!

Lawz! them old times wuz contrairy!—
Blame' backbone o' winter, 'peared-like
Wouldn't break! and I was skeered-like
Clean on into Feb'uary!

Nothin' ever made me madder
Than for Pop to stomp in, layin'

On a' extry fore-stick, sayin',
"Groun'-hog's out and seed
his shadder!"

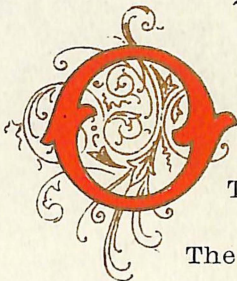
Old Winters on the Farm.



Thirteenth Day.

Roses laid
their
velvet
lips
On our
own, with
fragrant sips;
But their
kisses held us
not—
And their
sweetness we
forgot;—
Though the brambles
in our track
Plucked at us to hold
us back
“Just ahead,” we used
to say,
“Lie the lands of Where-
Away.” *Where-Away.*

Fourteenth Day.



THE days gone by!
O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip,
the lustre of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies,
and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in
everything.—

When life was like a story, holding neither
sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

The Days Gone By.

Soak your hide in sunshine and waller in
the shade —

Like the Good Book tells us—“where there're
none to make afraid!”

Well!—I never seen the ocean ner I never seen
the sea —

On the banks o' Deer Crick's grand enough
fer me!

On the Banks o' Deer Crick.

Fifteenth Day.



'VE thought a power on men and things,
As my uncle ust to say,—
And ef folks don't work as they pray,
i jings!
W'y, they ain't no use to pray!
Ef you want somepin and jest ded-set
A-pleadin' fer it with both eyes wet,
And tears won't bring it, w'y you try sweat,
As my uncle ust to say.

As My Uncle Used to Say.

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man you ever saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds em' hay;
An he opens the shed—and we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow for 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man.

Sixteenth Day.

When old Jack died, it
seemed to us, someway,
That all the other dogs
in town were pained
With our bereavement,
and some that were
chained,
Even, unslipped their
collars on that day
To visit Jack
in state, as though
to pay
A last sad tribute there,—
while neighbors craned
Their heads above the
high board-fence and deigned
To sigh "Poor Dog!"
remembering how they
Had cuffed him, when alive, perchance,
because
For love of them, he leaped to lick
their hands.

When Old Jack Died.



Seventeenth Day.



NOON-TIME and June-time, down
around the river!

Clean out o' sight o' home and
skulkin' under kiver

Of the sycamores, jack-oaks, and
swamp-ash and ellow—

Idies all so jumbled up, you can hardly
tell 'em!—

Tired, you know, but lovin' it, and smilin' jest to
think 'at


Any sweeter tiredness you'd fairly want
to drink it. *Down Around the River.*

This is the way the baby slept:
A mist of tresses backward thrown

By quavering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known:
The little hands were closely kept

About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept.
And this is the way the baby slept.

The Way the Baby Slept.



Eighteenth Day.

He's jes' a child what Sifers
is! And-sir, I'd
ruther see
That happy,
childish face 'o
his, and puore
simplicity,
Than any shape er style er
plan o' mortals otherwise—
With perfect faith in God
and man a-shinin' in his
eyes.

Rubaiyat of Dec Sifers.

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was,
and a-he'pin' some
Pore feller onto his feet —
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f
So's the feller got somepin' to eat!

Jim.

Nineteenth Day.



I' brimming lip and laughin' ee,
Thou shookest even
Grief wi' glee,
Yet had nae niggart sympathy
Where sorrow bowed,
But gavest a' thy tears as free
As a' thy gowd.

To Robert Burns.

The dear old flag whose faintest flutter flies
A stirring echo through each patriot breast,
Can never coax to life the folded eyes
That saw its wrongs redressed—
That watched it waver when the fight was hot,
And blazed with newer courage to its aid,
Regardless of the shower of shell and shot
Through which the charge was made;—
And when at last they saw it plume its wings,
Like some proud bird in stormy element,
And soar untrammelled on its wanderings,
They closed in death content.

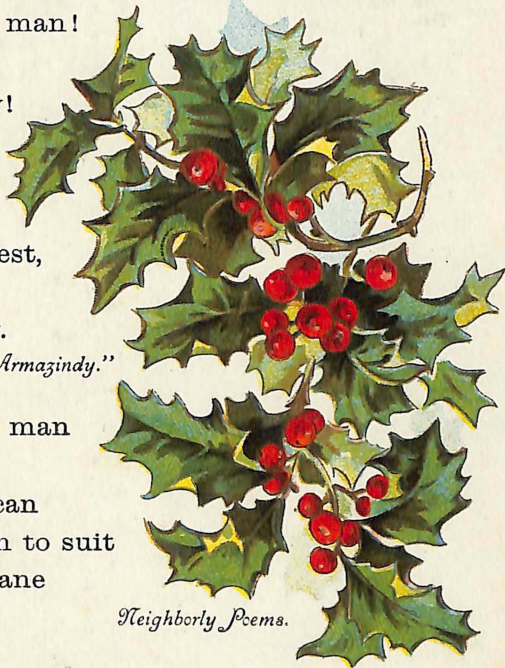
The Silent Victors.

Twentieth Day.

When but a little boy it seemed
My dearest rapture ran
In fancy ever, when I dreamed
I was a man—a man!

Now—sad perversity!
—my theme
Of rarest, purest
joy
Is when, 'in fancy blest,
I dream
I am a little boy.
Envoy—"Armazindy."

I allus argy that the man
Who does about
the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane
institute.



Neighborly Poems.

Twenty-first Day.

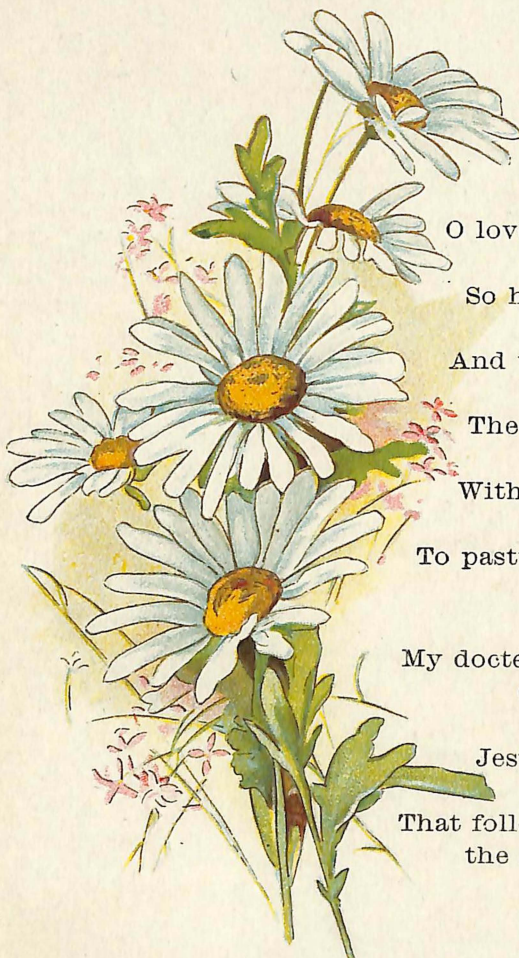


LEEP, little one! the twilight folds
her gloom
Full tenderly about the drowsy Day,—
And all his tinseled hours of
light and bloom,
Like toys, are laid away.

Slumber Song.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of
yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face, in its warm,
sunny tide,
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich
tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's
tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the old
swimmin'-hole.

The Old Swimmin'-Hole.



Twenty-second Day.

O love is like an untamed
steed!
So hot of heart and
wild of speed,
And with fierce freedom
so in love,
The desert is not vast
enough,
With all its leagues of
glimmering sands,
To pasture it!

Bedouin.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be
satisfied:
Jest do your best, and
praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest
the same.

My Philosophy.

Twenty-third Day.



OW there was a man 'at jes peared
like to me,
'At ortn't a-never a-died!
"But death haint a-showin' no favors,"
the old boss said,
"O'ny to Jim!" and cried:
And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed-
work in the shop,
Er the whole blame' neighborhood,
He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He
didn't do anything else that day
But jes set around and feel good!"

Jim.

Where's a heart as mellow?
Where's a soul as free?
Where is any fellow
We would rather be?
Just ourselves or none, boys,
World around and wide,
Laughing in the sun, boys,
On the sunny side!

On the Sunny Side.

Twenty-fourth Day.

Ah, God! how loud may silence get

When man mocks at a brother man
Who answers but as silence can. *The Quiet Lodger.*

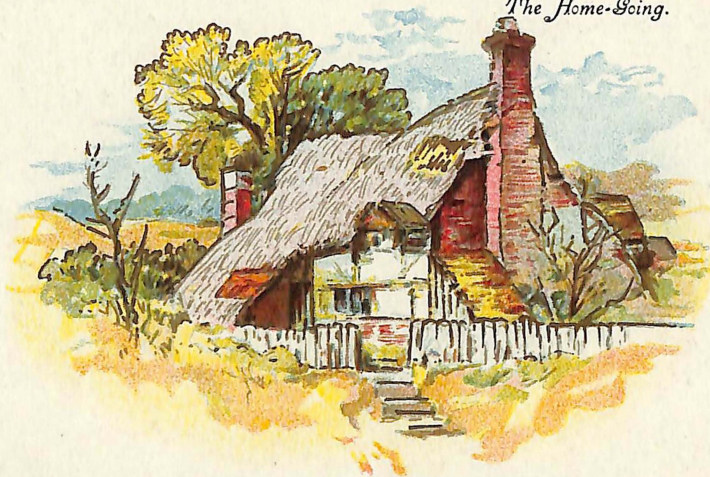
We must get home—for we have been away

So long, it seems forever and a day!

And O so very homesick we have grown,
The laughter of the world is like a moan

In our tired hearing, and its song is vain.
We must get home—we must get home again!

The Home-Going.



Twenty-fifth Day.



GIVE me the baby to hold,
my dear—
To hold and hug, to love
and kiss.

Ah! he will come to me, never a fear—
Come to the nest of a breast
like this,

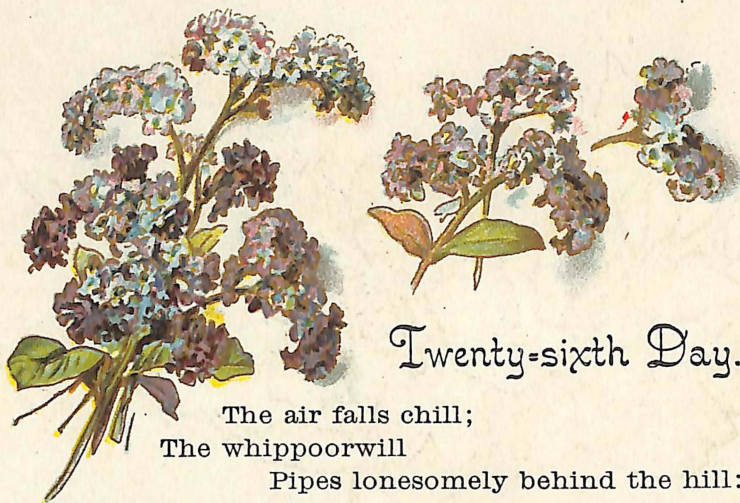
As warm for him as his
face with cheer.

Give me the baby to hold my dear!

Give Me the Baby.

And, to see them old things gone
That I onc't was bettin' on,
In rale pint o' fact, I feel
Kindo' like that worter-wheel,—
Sorto' drippy-like and wet
Round the eyes—but paddlin' yet,
And, in mem'ry, loafin' still
Down around old Kingry's Mill.

Kingry's Mill.



Twenty-sixth Day.

The air falls chill;
The whippoorwill
Pipes lonesomely behind the hill:
The dusk grows dense,
The silence tense;
And lo, the Katydids commence. *September Dark.*

When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the
struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the
clucking of the hens,
And the rooster's "hallylooyer!" as he tiptoes
on the fence. *When the Frost is on the Punkin.*



Twenty=
seventh
Day.

Sometimes, when I bin bad,
An' Pa "correcks" me nen
An' Uncle Sydney he comes here,
I'm alluz good again;

'Cause Uncle Sydney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles,—
The goodest mens they is aint good
As baddest little childs.

Uncle Sydney.

Twenty-eighth Day.



UST tired! * * * But when of old I
had the stay
Of mother-hands, O very sweet
indeed
It was to dream that all the weary way
I should but follow where
I now must lead. *An Out-Worn Sappho.*

He will sing across the meadow,—and the
woman at the well
Will stay the dripping bucket with a
smile ineffable;
And the children in the orchard will
gaze wistfully the way
The happy song comes to them, with the
fragrance of the hay;
The barn will neigh in answer and the
pasture-lands behind
Will chime with bells, and send responsive
lowings down the wind;
And all the echoes of the world will jubilantly call
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest
voice of all. *The Feet of the Future.*



Twenty-ninth Day.

Nothin' to say, my
daughter! Nothin'
at all to say!—

Gyrls that's in
love, I've noticed, ginerly
has their way!

Yer mother did afore you,
when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here
you air; and your
mother—Where is she?

Nothin' to Say.

I pray you, do not use this
thing

For vengeance; but if questioning
What wound, when dealt your human kind,
Goes deepest,—surely he will find

Who wrongs you, loving him no less,
There's nothing hurts like tenderness.

What Redress.

Thirtieth Day.



EX! What a sumptuous darkness is
the Night!—
How rich and deep and suave and
velvety
Its lovely blackness to a soul like
mine!—
Ah, night! thou densest of all mysteries!—
Thou eeriest of unfathomable delights,
Whose soundless, sheer inscrutability
Is fascination's own ethereal self,
Unseen, and yet embodied—palpable,
An essence, yet a form of stableness
That stays me—weighs me, as a giant palm
Were laid on either shoulder.—Peace! I cease
Even to strive to grope one further pace,
But stand uncovered and with lifted face.

Tucklet—in the Flying Islands of the Night.

There's nothin' much patheticker'n jes
a-bein' rich!

Down to the Capital.



* * * I love
it. * * *

Either
unconfined,

Or plaited in close
braidings manifold;
Or smoothly drawn;

or indolently twined

In careless knots whose coilings come
unrolled

At any lightest kiss; or by the wind
Whipped out in flossy ravelings of gold.

Her Hair.

Thirty-first Day.



No man is grate tel he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and
bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

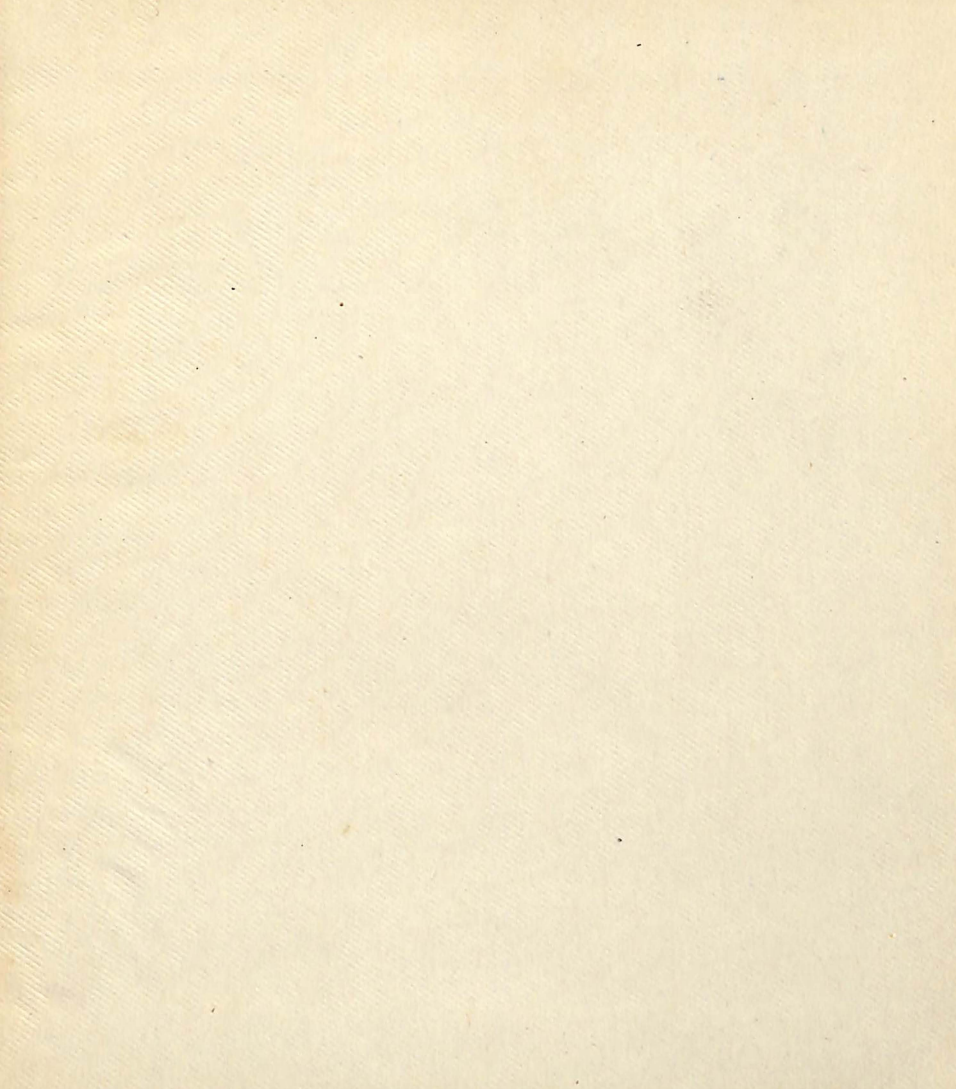
My Philosophy.

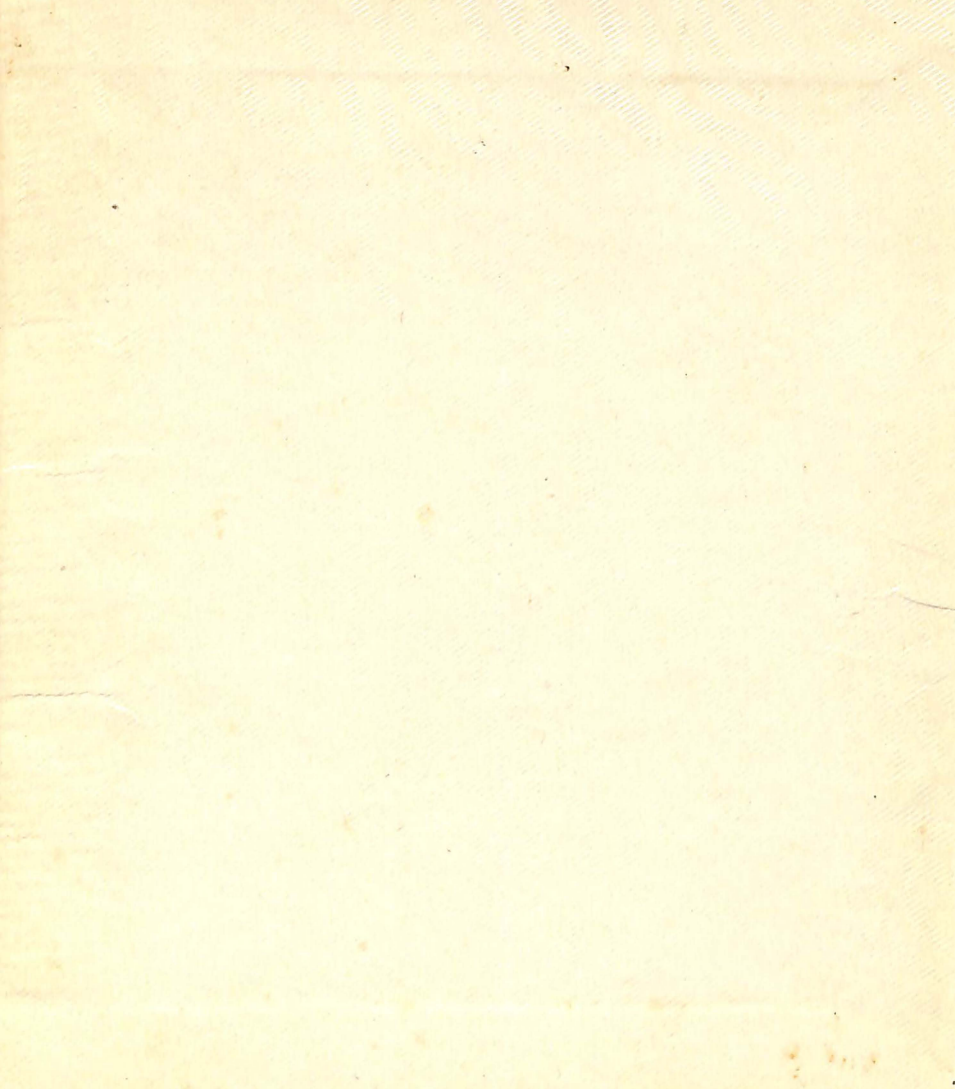
He is fond of declaring "he don't care a straw"—
That "the ills of a bachelor's 'ife
Are blisses compared with a mother-in-law,
And a boarding-school miss for a wife!"

* * * * *

But up in his den—(Ah, my bachelor chum!)—
I have sat with him there in the gloom,
When the laugh on his lips died away to become
But a phantom of mirth in the room.
And to look on him there you would love him,
for all
His ridiculous ways, and be dumb
As the little girl-face that smiles down from the
wall
On the tears of my bachelor chum.

My Bachelor Chum.







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